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BURKE'S IMPRACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

SHADES OF THE DEPARTED.

EDMUND BURKE.

WE like the Middle Temple. We like to stand, on a sunny day, beside the only fountain to the east of Temple-bar, and to watch its scanty jet, fling-

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ing out spray like so much diamond dust, producing delicious sensations of coolness amidst the burning heat reflected from the old stone walls, and suggesting divers pensive thoughts upon human pleasures, sparkling and brief as the little

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drops which are every moment forming and disappearing before one's eyes. We like to saunter about the garden and gaze on the exterior of the stately hall—a specimen of the architecture of the sixteenth century, when, in its gothic form, the art was getting into the sear and withered leaf of autumn, albeit exhibiting some rich flushes of beauty, like the yellow and brown that tint the foliage once coloured with virgin green. We like to enter within the walls of the edifice, where its chief magnificence is displayed, and, standing on the dais at the western end, look up to the timbered roof, with its massive pendants and simple carvings—and round on the painted windows, emblazoned with the arms of illustrious benchers—and on the wall, adorned with portraits of English sovereigns—and down upon the stone floor and strong oaken tables, on which, for three long centuries, gentlemen belonging to the famous fraternity of the Middle Temple have eaten their dinners and kept their terms. We like to think of the great ornaments of legal learning connected with the place—of Somers and Hardwicke, Blackstone and Cowper, Thurlow and Dunning, Curran and Tenterden, Eldon and Stowell, of which last two marble busts are preserved in the recess on the north-western side of the noble room. But as we muse upon the shades of the departed, in this venerable hall, one happens especially to strike us, who, though here educated in lawyer-like erudition, is best known to posterity by his consummate abilities as a statesman and philosopher.

Here he comes, in his twentieth year; tall, erect, well-formed, but not very robust in appearance, with a countenance of much sweetness, and esteemed by ladies very handsome. The expression of his face, from its variability, is what a painter would find it difficult to represent. In a state of quiescence, the marks of intellect are rather vague and indeterminate, but let anything excite him, and at once the symbols of mental strength are manifest on the lines of that broad brow and in the light of those large eyes. He does not care about dress, and his gait is rather awkward, giving you the idea of a man with *two left legs*. So says Sir Joshua Reynolds, a judge in such matters. His powers of conversation are evidently great, from the spell in which he binds his companion at the table, who seems to forget the good fire before him as he listens to the winged words which fly from the lips of this new student for the bar; nor can the hearty laugh of the hearer fail to tell of the wit and humour of the eloquent talker. Would you know who he is? then turn to the entry in the books of the Middle Temple, under date April 23, 1747. Here it is, rendered into English:—"Mr. Edmund Burke, second son of Richard Burke of the city of Dublin, one of the attorneys of the Exchequer Court of our lord the king in the kingdom of Ireland, is admitted into the society of the Middle Temple, London."

Letters bring up the mental and moral image of a man as nothing else can do. We have before us one written by Burke on his first arrival in London. "You'll expect some short account of my journey to this great city. To tell you the truth, I made very few remarks as I rolled along, for my mind was occupied with many thoughts,

and my eyes often filled with tears when I reflected on all the dear friends I left behind. A description of London and its natives would fill a volume. The buildings are very fine. It may be called a sink of vice; but its hospitals and charitable institutions, whose turrets pierce the skies like so many electrical conductors, avert the wrath of heaven. As to the state of learning in this city, you may know I have not been long enough in it to form a proper judgment of that subject. I do not think, however, there is as much respect paid to a man of letters on this side the water as you imagine. Notwithstanding discouragement, literature is cultivated to a high degree; poetry raises her enchanting wing to heaven; history arrests the wings of time in her flight to the gulf of oblivion; philosophy, the queen of arts and the daughter of heaven, is daily extending her intellectual empire; fancy sports on airy wings, like a meteor on the bosom of a summer cloud; and even metaphysics spins her cobwebs and catches some flies; the House of Commons not unfrequently exhibits explosions of eloquence that rise superior to those of Greece and Rome, even in their proudest days. Yet, after all, a man will make more by the figures of arithmetic than the figures of rhetoric, unless he can get into the trade wind, and then he may sail over Pactolean sands. Soon after my arrival in town, I visited Westminster Abbey; the moment I entered I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind which I cannot describe. The very silence seemed sacred."

This, as far as it goes, is Burke all over. In these extracts we have foreshadowings of what was seen in the man, the orator, and the author, as he was when Fame had seated him beside her on her throne. His keen sensibilities, his sweeping views, his fondness for learning, his majestic fancy, his stately and march-like diction, his love of architecture, his taste for "the sublime and beautiful," come out here in unmistakable development, dashed somewhat, it is true, with a juvenile air, which time soon dissipated. Nor can one doubt that the stirrings of oratorical ambition were then felt in his youthful breast, and perhaps some dim vision was even then before him, that the time might come when his voice would add to the honours of British eloquence within the walls of the Commons House of Parliament. Perhaps he was already beginning to attend to figures of arithmetic, as well as figures of rhetoric, with a view to his complete qualification for public life. Certainly, he afterwards showed that he was a master in both respects, proving himself as much at home in calculations touching financial reform as in the resources of imagination wherewith to adorn the most abstract principles of policy and government. His London acquaintances pronounced him "a remarkably clever and promising young man"—"one possessed of very superior genius and information;" but he was not destined to rank among the Hardwicks and Eldons of the Middle Temple, having an order of mind and a cherished taste decidedly more fitted for the senate than the bar—for letters than law.

Having spent a few winters in London, broken by an occasional residence in the country, of which he was passionately fond, he at length gave up all thoughts of the legal profession. His plans

remained unsettled, even after his marriage, when we find him taking up his abode somewhere in the village of Battersea, then retaining by the riverside rural charms since faded and gone; and we picture him, on a summer's evening, sitting beside the Thames, or gliding down the stream in a boat, full of such uncertain thoughts as he expresses in the following letter, written August 10th, 1757. "Apology for my long silence is found in my manner of life, chequered with various designs, sometimes in London, sometimes in remote parts of the country, sometimes in France, and shortly, please God, to be in America." In America! So among other schemes of this dreamy enterpriser was one for crossing the Atlantic, suggested, it is said, by an invitation from an old college friend settled in Philadelphia. Had he gone, how much would have gone with him! English history would have been deprived of one of the fullest, most interesting, and most valuable chapters of political and literary biography. But he did not go, and we find him in 1759 in Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square—a street, by the way, in which, at No. 67, the "History of the Middle Ages" was written by Hallam—a name not yet, we are thankful to say, among the shades of the departed. While there, Burke probably was employed in literary occupation—writing for the "Annual Register," in the early volumes of which his contributions may be seen, forming materials for the history of that period, of eminent value.

Burke next took up his abode at Plaistow, again evincing his love for suburban scenes; and there in the green lanes we like to picture him indulging his taste for rural objects. A lady, then about fourteen years old, and residing in that neighbourhood, informed one of his biographers that she perfectly remembered him there, that his brother Richard lived chiefly with him, and that they were noticed in the neighbourhood for their talents and sociable qualities, and particularly for having a variety of visitors, who were understood to be authors soliciting a private opinion of their works, and not unfrequently men of rank. In Wimpole-street we afterwards find Burke again, and then in Queen Anne-street, his father-in-law, Dr. Nugent, living with him there. For seven years he occupied the latter residence, when he removed to the neighbourhood of Beaconsfield, so intimately connected with the memory of the great statesman in his latter days.

In our notice of Dr. Johnson, we referred to the formation and progress of the Literary Club. Burke was one of the original members, and therefore his shade haunts the Turk's Head. We see in him there a conspicuous star, adding much to the brightness of that celebrated constellation of learning and wit. So very superior was he in conversation, that Johnson, who plumed himself so much on his own gift in this respect, and assumed something like a kingly sway in that chamber of intellectual peers, was wont, in the strongest terms, to laud Burke's good talk, as he often termed it. "Burke," he would say, "is an extraordinary man; his stream of mind is perpetual; he does not talk from a desire of distinction, but because his mind is full. That fellow calls forth all my powers. He is the only man whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame which

he has in the world. Take up whatever topic you please, he is ready to meet you. No man of sense could meet Mr. Burke by accident under a gateway, to avoid a shower, without being convinced that he was the first man in England. If you met him for the first time in the street, where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside for shelter, but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner that when you parted you would say, 'This is an extraordinary man.' Now," added he, with a modesty he rarely expressed, "you may be long enough with me without finding any thing extraordinary." Goldsmith, who tried to shine in the same way, was equally enamoured of Burke's skill in conversation, praising it above that of the king of critics, and asking in reply to an eulogy upon the colloquial achievements of "the old man eloquent," "But is he like Burke, who winds into his subject like a serpent?"

Burke's conversational fame, but still more the literary reputation which he acquired by his "Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful," rendered him a man of note in all well-informed circles, before he entered upon the stage of political conflict in the House of Commons, and interwove his name and history with the annals of the British Empire. In 1766 he first appeared in parliament, and began his career with an augury of success as gratifying to his friends as it was flattering to himself. We remember well the old St. Stephen's, with its close and heavy galleries, its narrow floor, its long benches, the time-honoured chair of the speaker, and the huge brazen chandeliers containing a vast array of wax candles. It had somewhat of a meeting-house aspect, but it had glorious associations of patriotism, statesmanship, and oratory, in which many a young student of English history, as he sat in the strangers' gallery, delighted to revel. We remember it well, and we can almost fancy ourselves in that very house on the night of the 14th of January, 1766, when Mr. Burke made his maiden speech and took up the American question. He has just sat down amidst great applause, when Mr. Pitt gets up, and observes that "the young member has proved a very able advocate; he had himself intended to enter at length into the details, but he has been anticipated with so much ingenuity and eloquence, that there is little left for him to say: he congratulates him on his success, and his friends on the value of the acquisition they have made." That is enough. Such praise is of itself a passport to fame. Cordial congratulations from fellow-members follow that effort; and friends, who have been sitting in the gallery to witness his *début*, perhaps with some anxiety, as soon as the house breaks up, come crowding round him with fervent greetings. The public are loud in extolling the new statesman. A member of the Literary Club, not over-amiable, not fancying Burke very much, indeed a little annoyed by a recent encounter with him, and envious of his superior powers, expresses some surprise at his political elevation; but he is soon crushed by the dictum of Johnson, who declares: "Sir, there is no wonder at all. We, who know Mr. Burke, know that he will be one of the first men of the country." As such we propose to follow his "shade" through the rest of this sketch.

Many characteristic reminiscences of the man and his oratory are connected with the old House of Commons. Were its walls still standing, were they endowed with memory, and could they speak, how would they tell of his famous speeches on American affairs, on financial reform, on Mr. Fox's East India bill, on the nabob of Arcot's debts!—pieces of resplendent eloquence, in which reason, knowledge, and imagination vie with each other, all dressed in that livery of stately diction, with which his master mind was wont to clothe them as they fulfilled his service. Those walls would tell of that memorable scene of excitement, when he and Mr. Fox, after a firm friendship for many years, broke on the subject of the French revolution; the former exclaiming: "I know the value of my line of conduct; I have indeed made a great sacrifice; I have done my duty, though I have lost my friend; there is something in the detested French constitution that envenoms every thing it touches;" while the latter, bursting into tears, appealed to the remembrance of their past attachment, their reciprocal affection, as dear and almost as binding as the ties of nature between father and son. Those walls would tell of subsequent fierce conflicts between Burke and the Whig party, among whose leading members he had formerly been ranked; and how the violence, not to say bitterness of speech, that sometimes marked the debates between him and them, illustrated those well-known words of the wise man, "A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city, and their contentions are like the bars of a castle." Those walls would tell of the significant looks with which Burke was often regarded when he arose to address the house, and how even strangers easily recognised him in his latter days, in the tall and elderly gentleman with a tight brown coat, bobwig with curls, and huge spectacles, on the side opposite to Mr. Fox; how occasionally even the eloquence of the great orator had a soporific effect, and an elaborate speech, full of abstract disquisition, extended rather beyond the limit of parliamentary patience, induced honourable members, not accustomed to go so deeply into things, to get up and put on their hats and leave the house; and how, finally, when a young generation appeared, knowing little of the days of Chatham and the applause he yielded Burke, they would sometimes, when he rose, rudely drown his voice with boisterous interruptions. Those walls could also tell of a ludicrous *Irish* incident in the history of Burke's oratory, and with what tact he turned it to account. "The minister," said he, "comes down in state, attended by his creatures of all denominations, beasts clean and unclean; for the treasury, as it has been managed of late, is worse than Noah's ark. With such, however, as they are he comes down, opens his budget, and edifies us all with a speech. Well, he sits down. What is the consequence? *One half of the house goes away.* A gentleman on the opposite side gets up and harangues on the state of the nation, and in order to keep matters even, *another half retires* at the close of the speech. A third gentleman follows their example, and *rids the house of another half.*" A loud laugh rung through the building at this bull of the great Irishman. "Sir," said he, addressing the chair, "I take the blunder to myself, and express my

satisfaction at having said anything that can put the house in good humour."

Walking up and down Parliament-street—that pathway to the grandest of political arenas—along which so many anxious senators, their brains throbbing with excitement, their hearts bursting with passion, have gone to and fro, we pass and repass the shade of Edmund Burke, and have recalled to our minds two little incidents in this great man's life, connected with that well-known thoroughfare, the one illustrative of his strong feeling of political antagonism, the other of his pitiful and practical benevolence. One wet night, as Mr. Curwen, a supporter of Mr. Fox's views on the French revolution, was waiting for his carriage at the door of the House of Commons, Mr. Burke requested that he would give him a ride home. The former rather reluctantly complied. The two statesmen comfortably seated, Mr. Burke began to compliment Mr. Curwen, under the mistaken idea that he agreed with him in his opinion of recent events in the history of France. The latter could not disguise his real sentiments, though he expected that by expressing them he would rouse the indignation of his companion. So it proved; for Mr. Burke, on hearing a declaration of sympathy with Fox, caught hold of the check-string, and furiously cried: "You are one of these people—set me down." They had reached Charing-cross. Mr. Curwen with difficulty prevailed upon the irascible statesman to continue in the carriage till they reached his house in Gerrard-street, when, without breaking the silence, which had lasted since his fiery exclamation, he hurried out of the vehicle, and ended for ever all intercourse with the honourable member.

But the breast so susceptible of resentment was equally the subject of generous and kind affections. Going home from the house one night on foot, he was accosted by one of those unhappy beings who haunt the highways of the great metropolis, seeking for a subsistence the wages of vice, and who, wasted by want and sorrow, became a suppliant for charity. In reply to his inquiries, she stated that she had been lady's maid in a respectable family, and had been driven through gradations of misery to her present forlorn state, which she confessed to be wretched beyond description, looking forward to death as her only relief. "Young woman," said Mr. Burke, as he reached his door, "you have told a pathetic story; whether true or not is best known to yourself; but tell me, have you a serious and settled wish to quit your present way of life, if you have the opportunity of so doing?" "Indeed, sir," she replied, "I would do anything to do it." "Then come in," said Mr. Burke. "Here, Mrs. Webster," he proceeded, addressing his housekeeper, "here is a new recruit for the kitchen; take care of her for the night, and let her have everything suitable to her condition, till we can inform Mrs. Burke of the matter." The poor fallen creature was reclaimed through his compassionate care; and we must confess, that on that achievement of mercy our minds rest with a satisfaction and pleasure far beyond what we feel as we dwell on his most brilliant intellectual exploits.

Walking past Whitehall, we recollect that Burke, as paymaster-general in the Rockingham

cabinet, once occupied the office in that building devoted to this department; but there we cannot linger on our way back to Westminster Hall, where we must glance at the great orator on the most celebrated occasion of his life. The part he took in the impeachment of Warren Hastings was characteristic of the man. His imagination was apt to lead captive his reason, to inflame his passions, and to carry him away as on the wings of a storm. He did nothing by halves, and there was no resisting the outbursts of his impetuosity. Impelled by conscientious feelings, though directed by mistaken opinions, a moral power increased the force of the excitement. Hastings, no doubt, had been unrighteous in his administration of Indian affairs, but he was hardly the culprit that Burke made him out to be. The scene of the trial was Westminster Hall; and never since the days of Lord Stafford and king Charles the First had that edifice witnessed such an array of judicial state. It was fitted up with scarlet hangings, and was surrounded by military pomp. Grenadiers guarded the entrance, and cavalry kept the streets. Peers, in robes of velvet and ermine, were conducted by heralds to their appointed seats. The twelve judges were present in full judicial costume. On green benches, with tables, sat members of the House of Commons, and in a box, specially appropriated for their use, were the conductors of the impeachment. Fox, Sheridan, Windham, and Grey were of the number, all in court dresses. Burke, in like manner attired, was foremost among them. The audience, too, was worthy of the occasion and the actors. It was an assemblage of the beauty, chivalry, and talent of the land. Princesses and peeresses, generals and captains, authors and artists, together with ambassadors from foreign courts, crowded the seats appropriated for spectators. The serjeants made proclamation. Hastings knelt at the bar, while his counsel, including high legal names—Law, Dallas, and Plomer—were at his side. The charges were read. It took two days to read them—a process which, tedious as it was, did not diminish the interest felt in the proceedings. On the third day Burke commenced his harangue. It was a wonderful effort, full of ingenious argument, pictorial description, splendid imagery, and resistless appeals, now swelling into terror, now melting into pathos. The ladies wept; there were hysterical sobs; Mrs. Sheridan fainted; and even the heart of the stern chancellor was moved. At last came the thunder-clap:—"I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors; I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed; I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied; I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under-foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert; lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all." It was a speech to be placed beside Demosthenes' crown oration.

We must return, before we conclude, to the private life of this eminent man. After he had obtained his rural retreat at Beaconsfield, where he followed his early predilections for agricultural

pursuits, and soothed his mind amidst sylvan scenes after the chafings and irritations of political controversy, his residences in London were only temporary and often changed. We find him during the sittings of parliament occupying houses in the Broad Sanctuary, Westminster; Fludyer-street; Charles-street; Duke-street; and Gerrard-street. One of these residences is associated with a well-known story. While staying in Charles-street, he was visited one day by a young man, who with a rich genius had an empty purse. He had come to London as a literary adventurer, and had exhausted all the little stock of money he could scrape together. He wrote a volume of poems, but he had no name to recommend it. In his distress he went to an opulent peer, who did not refuse his patronage, but passed by in total neglect the poet's application for pecuniary aid. The young man thought of Mr. Burke, and wrote a letter to him, "hearing," he said, "that he was a good man, and presuming to think that he was a great one." He went with a full heart to Charles-street, and there left the letter. He said, "The night after I delivered my letter at his door, I was in such a state of agitation that I walked Westminster Bridge backwards and forwards until daylight!" The commoner, with far less ample means, did what the nobleman refused. He helped the young man, gave him criticism and advice, sent round members of his family to get subscriptions for his work, introduced him to men of influence, and opened to him a door that led to fame and fortune. The young man was the poet Crabbe, and it was not without tears that he used to tell of Mr. Burke's kindness.

One more locality we must visit. Brompton is a neighbourhood where, formerly more than now, consumptive invalids were wont to repair. Thither many a parent has conveyed his child as a last hope; and as we walk through its squares and streets, we feel an air of melancholy come over us, at the thought of domestic joys there crushed—of fair blossoms of promise there torn away. Burke had a son he loved with his whole heart. Disease laid its hand upon him, and the father took him to Cromwell House at Brompton. Here he sunk and died. That blow nearly broke the great man's heart. He never recovered from it. As we go down the gloomy lane by Cromwell House, we are led to ruminate on those pathetic passages in Burke's letter to a noble lord, in which he gives way to his parental grief: "The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. I greatly deceive myself if in this hard season, I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors." Poor Burke! Writing to a friend, he said, "Mrs. Burke seeks tranquillity in prayer!" We hope he did himself. That is the last and best resource for souls stripped of their dearest joys. In communion with the Father of spirits, and approaching him through that Son with

whom he is ever well pleased, the desolate find sympathy, and the wounded heart is healed.

Amidst a cloud of domestic sorrow the shade of the great statesman here leaves us. His last days were spent away from his old London haunts, and his remains rest in the grave of his son and brother in the churchyard of Beaconsfield.

A WORD FOR THE IDIOT.

"Spurn him not; the blemish'd part
Had better be the head than heart.
Thou wilt be unwise to scorn
The teaching of the idiot-born!"

THE title of this paper may startle some persons, and almost deter others from its perusal; for the very name of "idiot" conveys a something repulsive, that is instinctively shunned, and, if possible, put away from us. We confess to all this; for the human mind is ordinarily so constituted that a picture drawn of itself, to possess attraction must either contain the bright and beautiful, or be composed of the dark shades of gloom and tragic horror; either the one or the other readily commands attention, and often creates an almost morbid interest. Suffer us, however, to take the few materials at our command, the few colours of which the subject will admit, and to sketch the picture of him who, although unhappily in the lowest grade of our common humanity, is nevertheless a link in the chain, a strand in the cord, which binds man to man.

Be it remembered that the calamity of idiocy is not confined to the garret or cellar home of poverty alone; for no class, no rank, is exempt. The poor man, with a family often large in number, demanding every strength of bone and sinew to give them mere bread, yet who toils on manfully and hopefully, and who, whether at the loom, the bench, or the spade, shows himself the man—steal a glance at him ever and anon, and you will see a deeper shade on the already care-worn face, or a pent-up sigh breaks forth, to be responded to by a shudder through his very frame. Why is this? Ask him, and he will tell you that when he returns to his lowly home, he knows too well that his sad welcome will be the unmeaning babble, or the pining moan, or the vacant stare of his idiot child. Under the pressure of this deep affliction, that strong heart of his will again and again be wrung with agony, and will be often well-nigh crushed within him.

But next let us enter yon lordly mansion, the abode of luxury and wealth, and where grandeur meets us at every step. Yet the possessor of these halls, and the rich domains that surround them, has one feeling in common with the poor man whom we have just left, for he also has the one shuddering thought with which he dare not grapple, that in his only child, his long hoped-for heir, he sees an IDIOT. Let us give the outline of yet another picture. There is a family, united in the strongest and fondest ties of brotherhood and sisterhood, and full of prattle and joyous glee; but there is a sad gloom-spot which falls upon the sunshine of that little band. One child may be seen sitting apart; he is amongst them, but not of them; he is pitied and sympathized with; but, alas! he understands it not. He dwells alone in his own blank

world. The mother may bend over him with tearful eyes and an aching heart, but no response is there. His enfeebled powers can hardly direct his tottering steps; the mere animal part may be perfect, but the mentality, that which raises man to the pinnacle of creation, where is it? Mind doubtless exists, but how beclouded! The jewel is there, but where the key to unlock the casket?

These are no visionary pictures; the writer has had ample opportunities of seeing and studying many such.

The statement will perhaps be almost questioned; yet, nevertheless, it stands out as a lamentable fact, that in England and Wales, according to the report of the Commissioners in Lunacy for 1847, there were ascertained to be at that time 26,516 lunatics in the various hospitals and asylums of the land; in Ireland (including wandering idiots and epileptics), 12,397; while in Scotland the numbers were 3413. Add to these the private patients in each country, the various medical and other officials, and it will be seen that the total number in Great Britain and Ireland, who are directly and indirectly involved in the subject of lunacy, will not fall far short of fifty thousand persons! Attention is drawn to this stupendous fact, the more so that it opens up a question of stern importance as to the numbers of our idiot population.

The lunatic has awed us into providing for our own safety by insuring his. He has been legislated for, and recognised by acts of parliament; but the poor and would-be harmless idiot class, whose numbers we have reason to fear are even larger than that of the lunatic, has no such adequate provision. Is he a pauper? there is but the union-house or the County Lunatic Asylum for him; and the kind of refuge he finds there the following facts will illustrate.

Not very long since we visited one of our largest lunatic asylums, and in the basement ward, amidst worse than hopeless epileptic and imbecile old men, possessing hardly the outward form of humanity, we found two little boys, idiotic it is true, but with intelligence enough to be terrified at the sights and scenes around them. And why placed there? because their cases came under the clause of the act of parliament which says, regardless of age, "lunatic, idiot, or person of unsound mind." May some parliamentary Howard arise to teach our senators wisdom on a matter of such deep social importance! Let it not, however, be supposed that nothing has been done. We are thankful to know that the noble thought has been swelling in the hearts of earnest and benevolent men, and has at length burst forth into a recognition of this most deplorable portion of our community. The hand of philanthropy has been stretched out, and has kindly drawn the poor idiot from the cold outward world to a safe and happy asylum home.

Until the year 1847, no public effort had been made in England for this object; but the effort once made, and an asylum for idiots having been founded, it soon became evident how much the need had been felt. Applications flowed in from every quarter, the stream still deepens and widens, and at a recent election of this charity, there were 192 candidates for admission. Speculations and

indeed well-meaning doubts as to the possibility of educating the idiot are being removed, and the fact is becoming patent, that regularity, kindness, and devotedness of purpose, are reducing the chaos into something like order.

Whilst, however, hundreds of the idiot children of the humble and less wealthy classes are being thus happily provided for by the hand of intelligent benevolence, and means are being used for increasing the sphere of usefulness by the erection of a spacious and appropriate building, there still remain very many children, belonging to families in the middle and higher ranks of society, whose position and means, as well as other considerations, forbid their availing themselves of any charitable institution. To meet the case of such, and as a new feature in the social history of the age, more private and select institutions have arisen. There is an asylum of the kind at Bath, and, if we mistake not, one more recently at Cheltenham; nor must we omit to notice that, near Lowestoft, a physician who has given deep attention to this subject, and who has had peculiar advantages for fitting himself for such an undertaking, has established a rural institution, which seems well adapted for the purpose, and which has the peculiarity, we believe, of being the only institution in England expressly for imbecile children that does not partake of an eleemosynary character.

Whilst it would be presumptuous to expect cure or even marked improvement in some cases, where from malformation or other causes the mental powers can hardly be said to exist, nor even the merest rudiments of brute instinct; yet in even such extreme cases something may be done, and in many of them much has been done; at all events there is the asylum with its boon of friendly shelter, appropriate treatment, amusement, warmth, and food; even so far a great philanthropic end is gained, and mercy, that high attribute of Christianity, receives a grateful sacrifice. But more, far more, than this can be and has been done. Paris, Germany, and Switzerland tell the welcome tale that endeavours are being made to restore this lost tribe of humanity to the rights of man. America sends her voice from Massachusetts* with cheering tidings, urging on this noble and god-like effort. Our own England too, as we have mentioned, echoes back the sound, and proves that her mantle of charitable sympathy can enfold even the poor hapless and forlorn idiot. And who shall stay her hand, or say, What doest thou?

THE DARIEN CANAL.

In the present day, engineering achievements which a century ago, had they been possible, would each have marked an epoch, follow one another in rapid and startling succession. To meet the requirements of the ever-expanding commerce of the nations, broad rivers are yearly being bridged across, isthmuses, to use an engineering phrase, are canalized, mountains tunnelled, continents intersected with the all-uniting rail, and new highways for the restless activities of modern enterprise are opening up in every direction. It will probably

be in the recollection of many of our readers, that about six months since we devoted a paper to the exposition of a scheme, then exciting considerable attention among the mercantile classes, by which it was proposed to effect a canal junction between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. This was known as the Nicaragua route. The engineering difficulties and the immense cost of this undertaking, however, taken in connection with the fact that, even if accomplished, its advantages would fall far short of the demands of the world's inter-oceanic traffic, render it extremely improbable that any practical steps will be adopted to carry out this project.

Besides this route, no fewer than six other projects have been brought more or less before the public, of which one is partially executed. Commencing at the northern extremity of the thread of land that links together the two great continents of America, there is, first, the Mexican line of railway, extending from the Bay of Tehuantepec to the Bay of Campeche. Next, beyond the site of the Nicaragua route, we have a proposal for a roadway across the state of Costa Rica. The fourth is a railway from Chagres on the Atlantic to Panama on the Pacific, part of which has already been completed, while twenty-three miles of the journey has yet to be performed by means of mules on a miserable road. The first ten or twelve miles of this line is supported on timber-piles, driven into swampy land far worse than many of the bogs of Ireland, and formed one of the most arduous engineering operations that is to be met with in the history of railway construction. The next line suggested is from St. Blas or Mandigo to Chepo in the Bay of Panama. About 100 miles to the south of the Panama iron highway is the spot, in the district of Darien, where it is now proposed to cut a wide and deep seapath for the vessels of all nations. The remaining project, is to render the river Atrato on the borders of New Grenada navigable, and form a canal navigation into the Bay of Cupica or the river San Juan.

Of all these conflicting schemes, that which proposes to excavate a watery route through the Isthmus of Darien possesses the greatest feasibility and the most universal interest. It has the sanction of names eminent for engineering achievement, and has been favourably entertained by the governments of the first commercial nations of the earth. A company has been formed under the highest auspices, a deputation from which only a few weeks since obtained an audience with the French emperor, and secured his promise of cordial co-operation in carrying out the project. Even so early as the sixteenth century the Spanish government instituted inquiries into the practicability of such an undertaking; but the difficulties to be surmounted being too formidable for the engineering science of those days, it was of necessity abandoned. These obstacles to the realization of this mercantile desideratum, although they have changed in character in more recent times, have scarcely diminished in number or force. Foremost among them has been the total lack of all reliable information respecting the interior of the country to be crossed, together with the jealous vigilance and hostility of the aboriginal tribes inhabiting it. If we except Dr. Cullen, who visited the Isthmus

* See Dr. Howes' Second Report on Idiocy.

of Darien in 1848, and subsequently imparted to us some glimpses of its geographical features, we have had, until the present year, no evidence that this *terra incognita* has ever been completely explored by a white man. The only work professing to give anything like authentic information on this region of woods, swamps, unknown rivers, wild beasts, reptiles, and savage Indians, is the history of the buccaneers of the sixteenth century, written by themselves, and which records their piratical adventures on the coasts of the Pacific ocean. In the commission of their depredations, the isthmus was crossed several times by them; but as the natives by whom they were guided generally acted compulsorily in these excursions, they evidently took them by the most difficult and circuitous routes, and cunningly contrived never to return by the same way. These *détours* have rendered it impossible to define their route on a map with anything like accuracy.

The attention of Sir Charles Fox having, in December, 1851, been specially called by Dr. Cullen to that portion of the isthmus lying between the two excellent harbours of Caledonia Bay and the Gulf of San Miguel, two civil engineers were sent out in the spring of last year, under the auspices of Messrs. Fox, Henderson, and Brassey, as the representatives of an embryo company, for the purpose of making a survey of the proposed line. After an absence of four months and a half they returned, having to a great extent succeeded in their scientific mission; and Mr. Gisborne, one of these gentlemen, has since published, in the form of a journal and an official report, the result of their explorations.* By following the steps of these enterprising travellers, we shall be able to pick up many important particulars respecting this contemplated inter-oceanic route—a route, let it be remembered, which the great Humboldt, after devoting nearly half a century to the study of central America, has pronounced superior to any other that could be selected through that entire neck of land.

Starting from Southampton on the 2nd of April, Mr. Gisborne and his assistant, Mr. Forde, arrived at Cartagena, one of the chief maritime towns of New Grenada, on the 1st of last May, where he was detained six weeks waiting for Dr. Cullen, who, it had been arranged, was to join the small exploring band. This time, however, was not wasted, for Mr. Gisborne and his companion undertook excursions into the interior for the purpose of making observations in the natural history, the vegetation, and the geology of the country. The former was likewise engaged by the authorities to examine and report upon an uncompleted canal, intended to connect the Dique and Magdalena rivers, the construction of which had been arrested by the failure of the contractor. The consummation of this work was regarded with intense anxiety by the inhabitants of Cartagena, as an antidote to many of the evils under which they were suffering, and as a germ of certain future prosperity. As a specimen of the inconveniences of which they complain, it may be mentioned that the journey to

Bogotá, the capital, consumes from twenty-two to twenty-five days; and costs 25*l.* for a single person. The proposed canal would obviously economise both time and money. The Grenadian government, indeed, is so impressed with the importance of this undertaking, that, in Mr. Gisborne's opinion, it would be disposed to grant almost anything except money to a company engaging to open and maintain this navigation. The impoverished state of its treasury is strikingly apparent from the fact that, when lately threatened with an invasion by General Flores, the House of Assembly voted a forced loan of 2,000,000 dollars for the equipment and support of 20,000 troops, which sum they could only raise by selling the fortresses and cannon of the country.

While impatiently tarrying at Cartagena, Mr. Gisborne encountered several other representatives of his profession, bent on somewhat similar errands, several of them with roving commissions between Atrato and Panama. Most of them were Americans. A singular specimen of native decoration also met his eye on one occasion. "The other evening," he says, "I saw on the opposite balcony a number of young ladies, one of whom seemed covered with the most luminous brilliants. I found that she had formed a necklace, bracelets, and brooch with a number of fire-flies, which I am sorry to say she had stuck upon pins. Notwithstanding their sufferings, they continued to emit their phosphorescent light for a long time, serving her vanity at the cost of a lingering death."

Dr. Cullen being still detained at Bogotá, the seat of the government, where he was attempting to negotiate the cession of a lease of land for the intended canal, Mr. Gisborne took his departure without him, on the 11th of June, on board the brigantine "Veloz," and in four days anchored in Port Escoces, or Scotch Harbour, so called from having been, in 1695, colonized by a number of Scotch emigrants, who were induced to attempt to found a settlement there by the allurements of an excellent haven, an exuberant soil, a salubrious climate, and the prospect of rich gold mines. This well-meant effort at colonization disastrously failed through the hostility of the aborigines and the buccaneers, and the jealousy of the Spaniards, entailing upon poor Scotland a loss of 400,000*l.* and the lives of many of her energetic children. On the spot shadowed by these melancholy remembrances it was that the enterprise of the nineteenth century was about to strive to conquer the defeats and disasters of the seventeenth. Here it was that the special labours that brought Mr. Gisborne from Europe were to commence. The isthmus at this point is inhabited by the Mandingo tribe of Indians, who are represented as very numerous, and exceedingly jealous of an invasion of their territory, which they and their forefathers have held and defended for ages against all hostile comers. Well knowing, as they do traditionally, the terrible consequences that have almost invariably resulted from the incursions of white men, they are resolved to resist the aggressions of intruders at all hazards. The lapse of more than a century and a half has not effaced the stain upon the cause of civilization left behind by Spanish cupidity and cruelty; and any fresh attempts to penetrate the interior of their country, especially if attended by barometers, theodolites, the mea-

* The Isthmus of Darien in 1853: Journal of the Expedition of Inquiry for the Junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. By Lionel Gisborne. London: Saunders and Stanford. 1853.

surveying line, and other scientific appliances, would be almost certain to rouse their suspicions and kindle their revenge. These Indians, however, are becoming somewhat of a commercial people, and are friendly disposed towards the English, although the Spanish are regarded by them with the bitterest aversion. Such are the people, whose hills, valleys, rivers, and hunting-grounds our two English engineers were about to travel at the peril of their lives. Their only chance consisted in eluding the notice of the natives, and penetrating to the interior as stealthily and rapidly as possible, their destination being the opposite Pacific coast.

Leaving the "Veloz" in port, the party, comprising three sailors, debarked at seven o'clock on the morning of the 17th, and happily without being witnessed by the Indians. They took with them instruments, hammocks, blankets, changes of garments, and provisions for a five days' journey. "I went first," says Mr. Gisborne, "cutting a path through the woods with a machete; Forde, compass in hand, directing the route. It took us nearly two hours to reach the first hill-top, which was determined by barometric observations to be 220 feet over the sea; after a short rest, an hour's hard walking brought us on the next hill-top, which is 276 feet high. These hills are very abrupt, and from the last one a good view was obtained of the country; towards San Miguel, or s.w. from us, no high ground could be seen; and as we were evidently over the 'Loma Desideada' (Hill of Desire), marked by Dr. Antenreith on his map, I began to hope we had got into the water-shed of the Pacific." Continuing their course, under the pleasant excitement of anticipated success, they descended the precipitous side of this range, and fell in with a stream running in a westerly direction, which they took to be one of the tributaries of the Savannah river. Following its course for about two hours, they came to a much larger stream, deep, clear, rapid, and from twenty-five to thirty feet wide. At four o'clock in the afternoon they halted for the night, lighted a fire, refreshed themselves with beef, biscuits, and tea, and then made their primitive couch on a heap of banana leaves. The novelty of their position, and the important interests at stake in the issues of their enterprise, kept them long in a state of wakefulness, during which in the evening stillness they heard a sound which Forde took for distant thunder, but which Gisborne thought resembled the roll of surf upon a pebbly shore. Upon the principle of the wish being father to the thought, he at once fondly concluded that it was the Pacific tide running up the Savannah to within a few miles of where they then lay: an illusion destined to be cruelly dispelled on the following day, when they found that the route they had been pursuing was bringing them back again to the shore of the Atlantic. After a night of pleasant dreams, quenched at last by a drenching shower, the party woke at the morning call of the whistling grasshopper, the screeching of green paroquets, the varied minstrelsy of the woods, together with the hideous howl of a large baboon. At half-past five the kettle was boiling, and shortly after six they were *en route*, as they thought, to the Pacific. It was not long, however, before they were undeceived; for, on ascending a lofty hill to

survey the country, they were surprised to find the river, whose course they had been hitherto following, turning northward and eastward. Just at this juncture, too, our travellers fell in with the Indians, who soon put an end to their clandestine explorations; although, as will appear from the narrative which we cite, their compulsory return, under the guidance of the incensed natives, was the means of putting them in possession of the very fact which they were so anxious to ascertain.

"About nine o'clock," says Mr. Gisborne, "we saw an Indian woman and two children, one of them an albino. She led us to understand there was an Indian village close by, and shortly after we were overtaken by a canoe, containing three men, two guns, and several javelins; we shook hands, and gave them some cigars, and they motioned us to follow. The river had gradually turned to the eastward, so that there could be no doubt we were going in a direction contrary to our wishes. It could not, however, be helped, and we followed in silence. At 10 a.m. we came to an Indian village, situated in Caledonia Bay, on the Atlantic, about five miles to the north-west of Port Escoces. Our presence seemed to astonish the villagers considerably. After some parley, one of them addressed us in broken English, and asked who we were, and what we had been doing. We answered, Englishmen, who had lost our way in the country. The village was on the opposite side of the river from us, and some consultation took place before a canoe was sent to ferry us across. On landing we were received with apparent cordiality, the Indian who spoke English being evidently the head among them: he conducted us to the seaside, a little distance from the village, and then commenced a scene which I can never forget. This Indian was called Bill, and he told us that the rest were very angry at our having been into the interior, as they allowed no one to land. We explained that we had arrived there in a brigantine, and no Indians coming on board, we took a trip into the interior; that they never let us know this rule, and therefore we had not broken it wilfully. One young Indian, the eldest son of the old man, (as they call their chief,) and who will succeed his father in authority, got up and harangued the rest for half an hour. I never saw a finer sample of excited passion. . . . Several other Indians spoke, and then Bill smoothed them down by explaining that we had acted in ignorance; that we were Englishmen, and as such ought to be their friends; and advised that we should be allowed to go on board the 'Veloz,' if we promised to set sail at once. This we readily agreed to, and after some more opposition from the chief's son, a canoe was launched, and Bill and another Indian came with us."

When about half way to Port Escoces, where the vessel was at anchor, they met a canoe returning from the "Veloz," with four or five angry Indians in it. It appears that the exploring party had not left more than two hours on the morning of the 17th, when a party of Indians, headed by Bill, who, having acquired a respect for the English by a short residence in England, acted as a sort of moderator, went on board the vessel and warned the captain off the coast immediately. He expostulated with them, and pointed out the torn rigging

which the sailors were mending, but which had been intentionally injured to afford a plausible pretext for delay. He alleged, further, that he was short of water and provisions; but they told him it was no suitable place to look for provisions where there was only salt water and trees. After the conference, the captain promised to leave in three days, hoping by that time the engineers, if unable to penetrate the interior, would have returned. Should such not have been the case, however, it was arranged that the vessel when getting under weigh should spring a leak, when, as if in great alarm, the captain would have sent for a number of Indians to assist in pumping. The altered circumstances of the party rendered the resort to this crooked and deceptive line of policy unnecessary.

Although thus prematurely arrested in their labours, yet the engineers found that the great object of their visit had been partially attained, by discovering that the Cordilleras, which appeared from the sea a continuous range, had an intervening valley of only forty feet above sea-level, and that the summit between the two oceans must be either in the centre of the isthmus or nearer the Pacific coast. It had been also ascertained that Caledonia Bay would afford an excellent terminus for the contemplated design, while Port Escoces formed an admirable harbour for refuge.

The next step to be taken in pursuance of their object was to cross the isthmus by the Panama railway, and sailing to San Miguel on the Pacific coast renew their operations from the opposite direction. This, by rapidity of movement and an increase of the party, they hoped to be able to accomplish without molestation from the Indians, whose territories do not seem to extend beyond the sources of the rivers flowing into the Atlantic. They anchored in Navy Bay in the afternoon of June 22nd, and on the following morning left by the Panama train—for American enterprise has actually started a railroad here—each individual paying 32s. for a distance of twenty-one miles. This line originated with the requirements of the California traffic, and, according to the American correspondent of the "*Times*," has conveyed nearly half a million of passengers since it was opened. It has, however, been the most fatal route the world has ever seen, for of the vast multitudes who have gone over it, very few have done so without suffering at the time or subsequently. Arrived at Panama, after experiencing intolerable inconveniences by the way, our travellers called upon the English consul located there, who speedily procured for their use a small schooner to convey them to San Miguel, a distance of ninety miles.

On the 30th of June, the exploring party entered the Savannah river at flood tide, the mouth of which they found to be about two miles wide. The tide bore them nine miles inland, and on ebbing left them high and dry on a gravel bank. Shortly before midnight they were afloat again, and soon afterwards reached the junction of the river Lara. At this point the country, which had hitherto been hilly and picturesque in the extreme, began to assume the character of a savanna, or flat plain. Beyond this locality the river's course was found to be very tortuous, consisting of a succession of level reaches, terminating in rapids and falls. They therefore determined to leave their boat

and to explore the interior, which we are happy to state they succeeded in doing to within about six miles of the spot where their progress had been interrupted by the Indians. It is impossible for us to follow them in all the hazards, privations, and difficulties of their journey; but it is matter for grateful acknowledgment to that kind Providence who watched over them in the wildernesses and swamps and tangled thickets which they traversed, that they were preserved from the perils which on more than one occasion threatened their lives, and have been suffered to return and report favourably upon the practicability of an undertaking second to none that have signalized the present age. We gather from Mr. Gisborne's description that the general character of the country is that of a flat plain, covered with valuable timber. The Savannah river has a depth of six fathoms at low water for a distance of seven miles from its mouth, while the effect of the tide extends eighteen miles from Darien Harbour, thus leaving an interval of *thirty miles* to Caledonia Bay on the opposite side. This, then, it must be observed, is the actual breadth of the isthmus between the tidal action of the two oceans, and which will have to be excavated. The highest summit, it has been ascertained, is only 150 feet, and as this elevation consists of a narrow range of hills, the engineering difficulties in cutting through will not be great. The bulk of the work to be executed will be in the plains themselves.

With the various facts before him, gathered in the course of his survey, Mr. Gisborne has suggested two methods by which the object of his expedition may be accomplished. One is by the formation of a navigable canal, with locks and immense reservoirs. The other, and that which finds favour among all competent judges, is to cut a channel from sea to sea, with a width of 160 feet, and a depth of thirty feet at low water. The cost of such a magnificent sea-route he estimates at 12,000,000*l.* sterling, calculating wholly on imported labour, and making a liberal allowance for the diminution of work to be expected in a tropical climate and the extra wages necessary to induce persons to emigrate. Although the Pacific tide rises thirty-two feet, while that of the Atlantic is only of a few inches, yet mid-tide is about on a level in the two oceans, so that there will be alternately every six hours a current each way. This current will not exceed three miles an hour, and will act most beneficially not only as a scour to prevent deposit, but as an assistance in the transit of vessels. The passage will be effected in one tide, and thus the dangers arising from vessels meeting and passing each other will be avoided. The material to be cut through being chiefly rock, the current will not wear away the banks, so that the navigation is not likely to be impeded by slips, while the cost of maintenance will be reduced to a mere nominal sum.

Such are the chief features of this bold scheme for "marrying Mr. Atlantic to Miss Pacific," as a humorist has characterized it. A company has been formed for carrying it out, whose capital is fixed at 15,000,000*l.*, a sum which it is believed will cover every expense. "It must not, however, be supposed," remarks a contemporary, "that the Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company propose to

expend so large a sum without the most satisfactory assurances, based on the fullest inquiry, that, as a commercial speculation, the investment will meet with a remunerative profit. They bring forward this design on the scale proposed, as the only one which will meet all the requirements of maritime nations, both politically and commercially; but should they feel satisfied, upon carefully-digested data, that the merits of commerce alone will not produce a sufficient revenue, the scale of the navigation will be reduced, so as to bring the capital within the scope of such revenue; and the principal powers of Europe and America will be invited to assist, either by grants of money or guarantees of interest, in carrying out the larger project."

SHOPKEEPING UPON TWO PRINCIPLES.

A TALE.

"It's all nonsense, old boy. I take more money on a Sunday than on any day in the week; so don't think I shall be so foolish as to shut up my shop and trust to God's blessing, as you say. 'God helps them that helps themselves'—that's my maxim."

"Well, Mr. Johnson, you quote one proverb, and I will quote another: 'All's well that ends well.' Good morning."

"Shut up my shop on a Sunday," said George Johnson, with some bitterness, to himself. "Oh yes, I am sure to do that, to please a set of sanctified hypocrites, who wouldn't care if I was starving so long as I made my appearance with a long face at church every Sunday. But I am too old a bird to be caught by such chaff as that."

A few months rolled on, and George was still toiling in his shop; but from some cause or other, notwithstanding his Sunday gains, he could only just meet his daily expenses, and sometimes he could scarcely do that. He lived in a poor, over-peopled district of London, where Sunday trading was general, and he candidly believed that he must do as others did, or be compelled to give up business, in a neighbourhood where his fellow-tradesmen had the seeming advantage of an additional day's profits. But this advantage proved of no great service to George; and judging from appearances, few of his neighbours were enriched by it. He felt, too, that there were some great drawbacks. The confinement to a close, small shop, in a narrow and dark street, for so many hours of the Sunday, was a grievous burden. Borne up at first by the hope that he should reap a silver, if not a golden harvest from his business, George had endured the confinement patiently; but when he found that he reaped nothing but thin and withered ears, barely sufficient for his necessities, he viewed this grievance in a very different light.

"Well, Mr. Johnson, are you still of the same opinion as when I last spoke to you about Sunday trading?" said the old gentleman who had addressed to him on a former occasion the inquiry with which our paper opens.

"Not exactly, Mr. Hooper; for I confess there are great disadvantages connected with the system. But what is the use of talking? here I am fixed in it, and I must swim with the stream, or be drowned."

"But, to make no mention of other and higher reasons, are you sure that you should be drowned, as you term it? Are there not others—a few, I confess—in this neighbourhood who close their shops on a Sunday? Is health of no value? and I am sure you look the worse for such close confinement; and do you not think that many would prefer to deal with one who showed that he had some respect for the sabbath, and who therefore might be expected to deal honestly with his customers, which is more than can be said for many of your Sunday-trading neighbours?"

"Ay, well, sir; you and I see things differently. I know very well that I must either open my shop every day in the week or shut it altogether, for I find business bad enough as it is; and what should I do if I lost my best day's profits?"

"Well, you confess that your present plan is not a very prosperous one. I will say as I said before, 'All's well that ends well.' Good morning, Mr. Johnson; no offence, I hope."

"Plague the old fellow," muttered George, after his visitor had departed; "I wish he'd mind his own business: though, after all," he added, musingly, "I feel he's in the right, for I know this Sunday trading is wrong. But what can I do?"

Six months more had scarcely passed away before a handbill was posted on the closed-up window of George's shop, advertising a sale of his effects. He had been compelled to give up his business, for he could not live by it. Competition, and especially the opening of a large and gaily-decorated shop in George's immediate neighbourhood in the same way of trade as himself, seemed to be the chief causes of his want of success. He applied for and obtained a situation in the recently-opened shop. Here he was made to feel keenly the evils of the system which he had defended. When a master, he could relax somewhat when he felt disposed to do so through sheer weariness, for certainly he seldom if ever did this for any other cause. But here he *could* not rest; he must tug at the oar through the whole work-day week, and through a good part of the Sunday besides. His master was a grasping, selfish, and unfeeling man, and George groaned under his load. At length a holiday did arrive—a whole day was his own—and he hailed it as a prisoner would rejoice at a day's freedom from his chain. He arranged with one of his companions to have a trip to the sea-side. Starting early, they resolved to make the day as long as possible. They rambled upon the beach, breathing the sea-breeze with greater zest than ever any epicure quaffed his choicest wine. They clambered up to a point on the rocky cliffs that towered above the beach, from whence they obtained a good view of the magnificent prospect. But, tempted by the success of their first ascent, they resolved to try for a higher point. In doing so the foot of George's companion slipped, and he was precipitated on the sands beneath them. George almost rushed down—he often wondered how—and arrived only in time to see his companion breathe his last.

This melancholy incident made a deep impression upon his mind. He became an altered man. Quitting his present master, he obtained, through the influence of Mr. Hooper, a situation where his Sundays were his own. Here he remained for

three years, acquiring a character for steadiness, integrity, and aptitude for business, which proved afterwards, as we shall see, of eminent service to him. He put by also a portion of his salary.

"Well, George," said his old friend Mr. Hooper, on accidentally meeting him one day after having heard from him the recital of what had occurred since they last met, "I think we agree now about Sunday trading; suppose we put our principles to the test."

"In what way do you propose to do this, Mr. Hooper?"

"I have thought of your starting in business again in your old neighbourhood. I am not a wealthy man—far from it—but for several years I have been a prosperous one, and I can advance something for you. I know you have saved a part of your salary, and your master is willing to lend a helping hand, by supplying you with goods at a low rate to commence with. What do you say to this proposal?"

"Give me a few days to consider, Mr. Hooper; but allow me at once to return you my grateful thanks for your kindness."

"Certainly; take your own time for weighing the proposal. I have watched your career, and I feel a warm interest in your welfare. I know, too, that you wish to marry, and in your present situation I see that you cannot well do so."

In a few days George gave his consent to the proposal. A shop was taken and neatly fitted up, and in about two months from the time of the above conversation he entered upon his new sphere of action.

"Give him a rouser, Mrs. Vanes," said a slatternly-looking woman to another still more so, who had come rather early on the first Sunday morning after George had opened his shop, for some articles which she required. Accordingly, Mrs. Vanes gave a few vigorous knocks with a penny-piece upon the shop-door.

Mr. Johnson opened a window overhead. "Aint you latish this morning, Mr. Johnson?" said the female who had advised the trial of knocking for admittance; "I want some things."

"I do not intend to open the shop on Sundays, Mrs. Mellish; I have given up Sunday trading," replied Mr. Johnson, closing the window as he spoke, to avoid altercation, which, from the known character of Mrs. Mellish, he felt sure would ensue if he prolonged the conversation.

"Well, here's a pretty go! and so a poor woman isn't to have a bit of butter on a Sunday morning, because he's so mighty religious. Howsumiver, if he wont have my Sunday money, he shan't have my week-day; I'll take care o' that."

"Yis, aint he pious now?" chimed in Mrs. Vanes. "Oh deary me, but I know what it'll all come to. He keeps his shutters up to-day, and he'll very soon keep 'em up altogether."

They then departed to procure what they required elsewhere.

Mr. Johnson steadily persevered in the course which he had commenced, though frequently battered at first by some of his old customers. But his firmness in sustaining pecuniary loss won the admiration of some, and the secret respect of nearly all of them. They argued that a man who would act thus would be almost sure to deal fairly with

them, both in the quantity and the quality of the articles with which he supplied them. Some families in the neighbourhood bought from Mr. Johnson solely because he made a stand against the prevailing Sunday trading of the district.

In short, the experiment succeeded signally, for Mr. Johnson became one of the most flourishing tradesmen in the neighbourhood. He still lives at the same place where he achieved his victory, but he has been compelled to enlarge his premises more than once. A wife and a family of blooming children now add to his happiness; and he is an active member of several societies which have been formed for the amelioration, physical and moral, of the poor and ignorant.

"Well, Mr. Johnson," said his old friend one day, "it is now a good many years since I entered your shop, and in the course of our conversation proposed to you to give up Sunday trading. I met with a very unfavourable reception; and I little expected then to see what I behold now."

"No, Mr. Hooper, I was ignorant and conceited in those days; but bitter experience made me wiser. Putting higher considerations aside, I see that in many other points of view Sunday trading is to be condemned. The benefits of my present course are many and important: its physical advantages are repose, cleanliness, and health; its mercantile advantages to the labourer are diminished competition and increased wages; its intellectual advantages are opportunities for reading and reflection, public oral instruction, and Sunday-school training for the young; whilst its moral advantages are too numerous and too obvious to be insisted upon."

"Well spoken, Mr. Johnson. You are yourself a good example of the truth of the doctrines you preach. The aid which you received cannot be said to have made the experiment an unfair one, for it was scanty and limited. Allow me to add one more advantage in this case, and that is, the good interest which I have always punctually received for the small sum that I advanced to you. May many follow your good example."

OUT OUR WAY.

I AM no scholar, and not much given to writing, except a letter now and then since the Penny Post came up, and a few figures once a week, may be, just to see how my little affairs stand: but there isn't much scholarship wanted, I take it, to tell the plain truth, whether it is to be written or said by word of mouth; so I shall say what I have to say in a plain way, in the hope that what I do say may be to the purpose, and do a little good where it is very much wanted. I am a hard-working man, and have been all my life. I don't complain of that; work never comes amiss to me, so long as it's fairly paid for; and I'm willing to work to the end of the chapter, as far as that goes. But what I do complain of is a grievance which ought to be remedied, because the continuance of it entails a mischief upon me and mine, which was none of my own seeking, and for which I am not to blame.

When I was but a bit of a boy, I lived with my father and mother in a snug cottage with a fair patch of garden-ground behind it, a goodish way out of London; and now that I'm nigh forty,

though I've never moved out of the cottage, I'm living as much in the heart of the town, to all intents and purposes, save and except those of convenience, as though me and my family had been pitched into the middle of Whitefriars. I've never moved to London, but London has moved to me, and taken me into her arms whether I would or no; and I must say she has not done the neighbourly thing at all, but quite the contrary. When I was a lad, and my father and mother were alive, out our way used to be thought as healthy a place as any in Middlesex, and people used to come there for change of air—and all the better for it too. The little patch of garden-ground found us all in vegetables, and a little stream of water that ran through it afforded us the means of cleanliness and health. Now the garden will grow nothing fit for a man to eat, and the stream that used to sparkle like crystal is changed into an open sewer, with a smell so bad, in summer time, it's almost enough to knock a fellow down.

This has all come of so much building on the cheap system—building that ought never to have been allowed, and would never have been done if the builders had had to live in the houses they put up. Out our way now there's little else but cottages a brick thick, and manufactories where stinking trades are carried on, and all sorts of bad smells taint the air we breathe. There's lots of tanners' and skimmers' pits, and bone-works and glue-boilers, and all that sort of thing; but there's next to no drainage, and no water at all that's really fit to drink, though we are obliged to drink it for want of better. I caught four shrimps the other morning in the basin I drew from the butt that stands in a corner of our yard—shrimps as big pretty near as them you buy at Billingsgate, though not being boiled they were the colour of an old bank note, instead of being red. Furthermore, when I put my face into the basin I could see the water-lice by the thousand at the bottom—and I did feel a little queerish, when I thought how many generations of them I must have drunk in my time. I've got a water-butt myself, because the old man made a stir when they first poisoned the brook with the sewers, and they sunk a butt in the ground and let on a pipe to quiet him; but half my neighbours have no such convenience, but have to beg of me or somebody else for every drop of water they use.

But if they are short of water, they've got plenty of beer and gin—a great deal too much of it. There is hardly a house out our way fit for a decent man to live in, but what is a public-house of some sort or other. When I was a boy, I used to stroll in the garden of a summer's night and watch the sunsets, and the crowds of London steeples and towers shooting up into the barred red clouds miles away. Now the setting sun only flashes upon the gilded sign-boards of the publican, gleaming on the tops of fifty houses, and blazing upon treble X's as long as your arm. This is a very ugly change, to my thinking, and tells a very ugly tale if you don't turn a deaf ear to it. You should just come out our way of a Sunday afternoon, and then you'd know what I mean. Why, out of the thousands of labouring men, working all the week at unwholesome trades, how many in a hundred would you think go to a place of wor-

ship? Not seven, it's my opinion; and what's more, they haven't got the clothes to go in, and if they had, they haven't got the heart to go. You'll see 'em lounging about in shirt-sleeves all day long, only half dressed and not half sober. Treble X is hat, coat, and boots to whole tribes of them. I've always observed that the three golden balls and the three golden X's go very much together—they must be first cousins, I'm thinking. The publican and the pawnbroker, at any rate, are feathering their nests pretty tidy out our way; and very few besides, as far as I can see, are doing much towards getting rich. Mrs. Brown, who keeps a general shop, told me the other night that there wasn't a family in her street (and it's a goodish long one) but what is on her books for sums of money owing and standing over—the debtors paying ready cash for what they now purchase, being refused further credit till the standing accounts are paid—which, in nine cases out of ten, they never will be. Of course I know well enough, though Mrs. Brown didn't tell me as much, that those that pay their way pay all the more on account of the defaulters—it don't take much arithmetic to teach me that.

You should see the sight of children there is out our way. I don't know how it comes about; but it seems to me always that the more muck and dirt and disagreeableness of all sorts there is in a place, the more children there is sure to be. Hundreds of them are left at home all day by themselves, while fathers and mothers are out at work; and some of them get no food, but a penny or half-penny, perhaps, to do what they like with, from breakfast to supper. It's uncomfortable to me to see the poor things slopping about, half clad, in the wet, and playing at their dreary games, or crouching on door-steps, nursing of sickly babies, bawling for their mothers' breast. It's my belief that half of 'em die, poor things, before they're four years old; but there's plenty left, for all that. I'm bound to say the deaths are by no means confined to the children. Every fall there's awful work among the grown-up people. The doctors say the fever is never out of the neighbourhood; and I can bear witness that it makes woeful ravage whenever hot weather sets in after long and heavy rains. The undertakers know that well enough: you wouldn't believe how sharp they are after business, without you was to see it. Why, when the sickly season comes on, as it's pretty sure to do towards the end of the summer, you can't walk twenty paces out our way without seeing an undertaker's bill, with a picture of a burying on the top of it, and the prices of coffins and shrouds, and the hire of cloaks, palls, and hatbands, and the churchyard omnibus that does the genteel for poor folks, and packs living and dead together behind one pair of horses, or one horse if you want it extra cheap, and anything else that you may require, all ticketed off at the lowest possible figure. I must confess that they certainly do it very cheap: why, you can have a flannel shroud and trimmings, and a pillow-case well stuffed for your head, and a stout elm coffin with gilt handles, or leastways lacquered, and a zinc inscription plate, and the top of a grave, and cloaks and hathands for half-a-dozen followers, and I don't recollect what besides, and all for a matter of fifty shillings, out our way.

It's as cheap as dirt; but for all that it strikes me it aint worth while to be killed with bad air and unwholesome smells, for the sake of being buried at a bargain; and I can't help wishing that our neighbourhood didn't furnish so many customers to the undertaker.

You should have been out our way when the cholera came in '49. It was really awful: all along the track of the open sewer people lay dead in pretty nigh every house. It breaks my heart to think of it. I lost my biggest boy and my poor old father. Pretty nigh anybody that was took died; the doctors could do nothing with 'em. My Tom was as fine-growned a young fellow as you ever see, but he wasn't bad more than two days altogether before he died. I'll say that for the doctors, they did what they could; they were running about night and day; but out our way the disorder was too strong for them, and had its own course. Some said it was the water; some said it was the want of drainage; and some laid it to the foul air. Poor father I don't think ever had the cholera at all; but he thought he had, and lay crouched up in bed for three weeks, and it's my belief 'twas the fear of it killed him at last. I know I felt myself all the while just as I fancy a soldier may feel when the enemy is firing at his regiment, expecting to be hit himself every minute while he sees his comrades a-dropping around him. If I had been took, I don't know what would have become of my family. When the worst on't was over the parish authorities come among us, and brought surveyors and scientific gentlemen to see what was wanting to be done; and there was a talk of great alterations and improvements; the open drain was to be covered in, and a main drain was to be dug, and cisterns and ball-cocks were to be put up in every house, and plenty of water was to be turned on. In short, the talking was very fine indeed, everything that could be wished. The misfortune of it was, that beyond the talking nothing further was done. We looked out for the drainers and the diggers, and the water-cisterns and ball-cocks, but not a morsel of one of them have I seen from that time to this. The open drain is grown worse than ever, because the building is going on every day; it isn't in fact a drain now at all, but a stagnant ditch of black soil; there is a current, to be sure, which runs at the rate of a yard an hour: I've calculated it, and it takes thirteen hours to get past my bit of ground, which is a bare forty-four feet.

There's a many things, besides what I've stated, quite as bad, and worse, and which I mustn't put down, because if I did people would say I was a describing things as isn't decent—and that would be true enough; but then, if it isn't decent to write about such things, should people that ought to be decent people be compelled to live amongst them? There's no reason why a labouring man, when he's off work, shouldn't be as clean in his person as a gentleman; but if he has to beg the water that is to give him a clean face, he's likely to go with a dirty one all the longer. Moreover, there's no good reason that I know of why all the trouble that's taken to clean the streets of London should be confined mostly to what I call the show parts of the town. A working man's health is as valuable to him as a lord's is to a lord; but how is

it looked after? The dust and refuse of a nobleman's house, if it was left to ferment in large quantities, would poison the nobility just as soon as it would a costermonger, perhaps sooner. But the nobility never have the chance; the scavenger brings his cart round two or three times a week, and hauls off everything, and keeps 'em sweet. Just notice how it is out our way, where there's nothing but six or seven pound houses—where Jack Jinks, who hawks whelks and winkles about the town, turns his stale stock into the road when it's no longer fit for use—where Bilins, the vegetable dealer, does the same with his cabbages when they turn yellow; and where all the people throw their dust and rubbish out at the front door, because there's nowhere else to put it. Why, the scavenger don't come there once in three months; I haven't seen him myself since the Exhibition year, when there was a bit of a sweep up; but instead of him, when the smell gets uncommon strong, there comes the parish engine, and plays upon it for an hour or two till the whole road is in a swim, and as much of it as gets afloat drains off into the nearest ditch. I think they call this *irrigatin'* of us; it's a very fine word, but it don't do anything like the scavenger's broom.

I shall be told, as I have been told when I made these complaints to our doctor, that the law has provided a remedy, and that we have got it in our own hands. I make beld to deny that altogether. I know well enough that the Parliament, when the cholera was a-coming on, passed an act, called the Nuisances Removal Act, and that that act specifies that magistrates shall have power to enforce the removal of a nuisance, upon a complaint being presented, backed by the written testimony of a medical man that such nuisance is unfavourable to health. But how is it in practice? Come out our way and try. You may get the testimony of the medical man fast enough, a hundred of 'em if you like; but when you go to the magistrate, and complain of the fat-boiling, and require him to put the act into execution, then says he, "I shan't act unless the subject is brought before me officially." That sounds very grand, but it signifies no more nor less than this: "I shan't act unless the proprietor of the boiling-house comes and begs me to turn him out." Because, you see, the subject can't come before the magistrate "officially" without the guardians move in it, and one guardian, perhaps, is the fat-boiling proprietor, and another is his particular friend. It is true, they are bound to act if two housekeepers complain to them of the nuisance; but seeing that out our way the owners of the nuisances are the landlords of all the houses, that never comes to pass.

'Tis said that we live in a wonderful age for knowledge and improvement and progress. The progress we've made out our way I'm afraid has been latterly very much in the wrong direction. We have more dirt, more sickness, more improvidence, and more death than ever we had before among us; and unless something is done to put things in better trim, we shall go on from bad to worse. There are many worthy men come out our way at times to talk and read the bible to the people in the cottages, and there used to be some ladies, but they gave it up, and no wonder, for they couldn't stand it; I em hardly stand it my-

self sometimes. What is most wanted, however, is the material for good advice to work upon. A part of Christianity is decency, and cleanliness, as everybody knows, is next to godliness; and when men are in circumstances which make decency and cleanliness impossible, my experience tells me that I need seldom look to them for a religious example—and I don't.

There! I've relieved my mind, and done my duty to my neighbours—and I hope some good may come of it.

THE GUILLOTINE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

WHILE paying a visit in 1815 to the Hôtel de Ville, so celebrated in the annals of the first Revolution, "I at once," says Mr. Simpson, "asked to see the guillotine, which I was informed was kept here. A man and woman, the *conciierge* and his wife, told me that it had for some time been in the possession of a carpenter in the Rue Pont-à-Choux, near the Marais." Being in the neighbourhood of this spot a few days afterwards, Mr. S. extended his ride thither, and after many inquiries was successful in discovering the haunt of this terrible instrument of crime. In answer to his interrogations, he says, "I was directed to a gate, or *porte-cochère*, through which I rode into a small paved court. The noise of my horse's feet brought a girl to a window up-stairs, of whom I asked if the guillotine was kept here! She was too much diverted with so strange an errand of a man and horse—and the man English—to answer at once, but said she would come down about it; and down she came with two sisters with her, in great mirth about Monsieur l'Anglais and the guillotine. They pointed to a large door like that of a coach-house, and said it was there; but it was locked, and the key with a person who lived at a great distance. Observing about six inches of aperture above the door, I thought I might see over it, and asked if they could get me something to stand upon? By this time several of the less employed of their neighbours had joined us; and, by moving an empty cask, they most readily procured me the means of elevation, held my horse, and encouraged me to ascend with—'Allons, Monsieur, montez, montez à la guillotine!' Assuring them that it was my wish to see it, not to try it, I got up on the cask, and, looking over the door, I certainly saw the murderous instrument lying on the ground—the same instrument that had struck off the heads of the king and queen, and of the multitudes who followed them. So constantly was it in use, that a gentleman who lived about a mile from Paris, during those dreadful times, said that, on a calm summer evening, he distinctly heard the *chop* of the guillotine for an hour or two together. The same instrument which, while it spared neither sex nor age, immolated all descriptions of persons, a Lavoisier as well as a Robespierre; and beside which, it is said, David the painter stood with his pencil, in French composure, to catch the convulsions of expiring nature. Looking at this instrument, so frightful in dreadful associations, I had almost forgot my merry friends around, and was not just in their mood when I came down. I

had only one question to answer to them—why an Englishman should come on so strange an errand?—'Curiosity.' 'C'est très extraordinaire!' Thanking the *whole* neighbourhood for their kind attention in doing the honours of the guillotine so satisfactorily, I mounted and rode out of the court."

TIGER BEETLES.

(FROM RYMER JONES'S NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALS.)

THE first division of this mighty army comprehends the Tiger Beetles, conspicuously the most rapacious and bloodthirsty of the race, equally remarkable for the beauty of their colours, their extreme activity, and savage propensities. The larvæ of these tigers are tolerably agile in their movements, and present a very remarkable appearance, the eighth segment of their bodies, which is larger than the rest, being armed with a pair of sharp recurved hooks, implanted in a prominent fleshy retractile cushion. These larvæ excavate cylindrical burrows in the ground, which are many of them upwards of a foot in depth, in the construction of which the larvæ exhibit extraordinary ingenuity, loosening the earth by means of their powerful jaws, and carrying it to the surface upon their broad heads, the hooks upon their backs assisting them to climb to the top, much in the same way as a chimney-sweep ascends a chimney. Their den being completed, they station themselves just within its entrance, where they lie in wait for any poor passing insect traveller that may be luckless enough to approach too near, when it is instantly seized and dragged to the bottom of the cave, there to be speedily devoured. Less active, but scarcely less carnivorous in their habits, are the predaceous ground-beetles, many of which are constantly employed prowling about upon the surface of the ground, in search of insect prey, lurking in the daytime under stones and other similar places of concealment, and carrying on an unrelenting warfare against innumerable noxious insects, the destructiveness of which they materially assist in diminishing. Among these marauding beetles, the most remarkable are the *Bombardiers*, as they are not inappropriately named, several species of which are provided with a means of defence unparalleled among the lower animals. Of all the inventions which mankind seem fairly entitled to claim, as being exclusively of human contrivance, perhaps that of guns and gunpowder might be deemed the most original, yet even in this, strange to say, he has been forestalled. The little bombardier beetles possessed an artillery of their own long before the fields of Cressy first trembled at the unaccustomed roar of human cannon, as any one will confess who may inadvertently lay hold of one of these living batteries. It is quite true, that neither powder nor ball is needed by the insect cannonier; but there is the flash, the smoke, the report, and although

"The far-hissing globe of death"

is wanting, its place is more efficiently supplied by a burning drop, so caustic in its nature as to be only comparable to nitric acid in its corrosive effects.

Facts, Anecdotes, and Counsels.

PERILS OF MISSIONARIES IN POLAR REGIONS.—As an example of the dangers to which these devoted men are often exposed when engaged in the prosecution of their labours, we would refer to the case of a party of Moravian missionaries who were engaged in passing across an arm of the sea on sledges drawn by dogs. An alarm was first given by some passing Esquimaux, and afterwards by their own attendants; but the approach of danger was for some time scarcely perceptible, except on lying down and applying the ear close to the ice, when a hollow grating noise was heard ascending from the abyss. By-and-by the wind rose to a storm, and the swell had increased so much that its effects on the ice were extraordinary and really alarming. The sledges, instead of gliding smoothly along, as on an even surface, sometimes ran with violence after the dogs, and sometimes seemed with difficulty to ascend a rising hill. Noises, too, were now distinctly heard in many directions, like the report of cannon, from the bursting of ice at a distance. Alarmed by these frightful phenomena, our travellers drove with all haste towards the shore, and as they approached it the prospect before them was tremendous. The ice, having burst loose from the rocks, was tossed to and fro and broken in a thousand pieces against the precipices with a dreadful noise, which, added to the raging of the sea, the roaring of the wind, and the driving of the snow, so completely overpowered them as almost to deprive them of the use both of their eyes and ears. To make the land was now the only resource that remained, but it was with the utmost difficulty that the frightened dogs could be driven forward; and as the whole body of the ice frequently sank below the summits of the rocks and then rose above them, the only time for landing was the moment when it gained the level of the coast—a circumstance which rendered the attempt extremely nice and hazardous. Both sledges, however, succeeded in gaining the shore, though not without great difficulty. Scarcely had they reached it, when that part of the ice from which they had just escaped burst asunder, and the water, rushing up from beneath, instantly precipitated it into the ocean. In a moment, as if by signal, the whole mass of ice for several miles along the coast, and extending as far as the eye could reach, began to break and be overwhelmed by the waves. The spectacle was awfully grand. The immense fields of ice rising out of the ocean, clashing against one another, and then plunging into the deep with a violence which no language can describe, and a noise like the discharge of a thousand cannon, was a sight which must have struck the most unreflecting mind with solemn awe. The brethren were overwhelmed with amazement at their miraculous escape, and even the pagan Esquimaux expressed gratitude to God for their deliverance.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND VOLTAIRE ON RAILWAY TRAVELLING.—Sir Isaac Newton wrote a work upon the prophet Daniel, and another upon the book of Revelation, in one of which he said that in order to fulfil certain prophecies before a certain date was terminated, namely, 1260 years, there would be a mode of travelling of which the men of his time had no conception; nay, that the knowledge of mankind would be so increased, that they would be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Voltaire, who did not believe in the inspiration of the scriptures, got hold of this, and said: "Now look at that mighty mind of Newton, who discovered gravity, and told us such marvels for us all to admire. When he became an old man, and got into his dotage, he began to study that book called the bible; and it seems, that in order to credit its fabulous nonsense, we must believe that the knowledge of mankind will be so increased that we shall be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The poor dotard!" exclaimed the philosophic infidel Voltaire, in the self-complacency of his pity. But who is the dotard now?—*Rev. J. Craig.*

A HALF-DESTROYED BIBLE.—A father in South Carolina was about sending his son to college. Fearing lest the principles of Christian faith, which he had endeavoured to instil into his mind, would be rudely assailed, but trusting in the efficacy of that word which is quick and powerful, he purchased, unknown to his son, an elegant copy of the

bible, and deposited it at the bottom of his trunk. The young man entered upon his college career. The restraints of a pious education were soon broken off, and he proceeded from speculation to doubts, and from doubts to a denial of the reality of religion. After having become, in his own estimation, wiser than his father, he discovered one day, while rummaging his trunk, with great surprise and indignation, the sacred deposit. He took it out, and while deliberating on the manner in which he should treat it, he determined that he would use it, as he should need it, to wipe his razor on while shaving. Accordingly, whenever he went to shave, he tore out a leaf or two of the holy book, and thus used it till nearly half the volume was destroyed. But while he was committing this outrage, a text now and then met his eye, and was carried like a barbed arrow to his heart. At length he heard a sermon which discovered to him his own character, and his exposure to the wrath of God, and riveted upon his mind the impression which he had received from the last torn leaf of the blessed yet insulted volume. Had worlds been at his disposal, he would freely have given them all, could they have availed him, to undo what he had done. At length he found forgiveness at the foot of the cross. The torn leaves of that sacred volume brought healing to his soul, for they led him to repose on the mercy of God in Christ, which is sufficient for the chief of sinners.

ON LISTENING TO EVIL REPORT.—The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rules which I have laid down for myself in relation to the following subjects:—

1. To hear as little as possible of what is to the prejudice of others.
2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it.
3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.
4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others.
5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

I consider love as wealth; and as I would resist a man who should come to rob my house, so would I a man who would weaken my regard for any human being. I consider, too, that persons are cast into different moulds; and that to ask myself—What should I do in that person's situation? is not a just mode of judging. I must not expect a man that is naturally cold and reserved to act as one that is naturally warm and affectionate; and I think it a great evil that people do not make more allowances for each other in this particular. I think religious people are too little attentive to these considerations.—*Simcon.*

A HINT TO PARENTS.—"Dear mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your china vase." "Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in mischief; go up-stairs till I send for you." And this was a mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered temptation to tell a falsehood to screen the fault. With a disappointed, disheartened look the child obeyed; and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again in after years to be revived to life. Oh, what were a thousand vases in comparison!

PROVIDENCE.—The two celebrated African chiefs, Africander and Berend, were once fighting with their respective followers, each trying to retain possession of a drove of cattle. While skulking among some bushes to do each other mischief, the two chiefs suddenly came in full view of each other, and but a few yards apart. Each was an excellent marksman. Both levelled and fired the same moment, but a cow on full gallop that instant passed between them and received both bullets in her body. Now had not the God of providence so ordered this event, there is much reason to suppose that both of them would have died on the spot. Both lived, however, to bless the hand that saved them, and bowed together in the worship of Jehovah as brethren, and we hope they are now before the throne of God in heaven.—*Moffat's Journal.*